

Route Two

Health is not good at this writing.

Mrs. Wash Cole is quite sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bussell of Nashville are visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Eaman Grimes spent Sunday with Lizzie Randolph.

Mrs. Tina Adams has returned home after a few week's visit at Ravenscroft.

Several of the young folks attended prayer meeting at Cane Creek Saturday night.

Hurst McCaleb left Monday to enter school at Grandview, we wish him much success.

Jesse Thompson was seen going in the direction of Mrs. Roberts. Look out Rebecca.

Lizzie Bray visited Alice Randolph Sunday.

Tom Burgess spent Friday night at Washie Cole's.

Mrs. Maud Stewart spent Sunday night with Jae Rollins.

Mrs. M. E. Stone visited her sister, Mrs. R. S. Allison, last week.

Rae and Olliver Bussell visited Charlie and Wade Bussell Saturday night.

Andrew Roberts is suffering very bad with a sore hand.

Wade Bray, Everette and Eather Montgomery attended the spelling match at Bland Friday night and report a nice time.

A. R. and L. B.

Dallas, Texas

Dear relatives and friends: Since it was announced through the Herald that I had been so fortunate as to spend my vacation in my native state. It has been my desire to in some way express my many thanks to each relative and friend by whose efforts I spent the happiest vacation of my life. Now, that I have enjoyed the trip and am safe at home again, I will ask the Editor of the Herald for a column in his paper and take advantage of this opportunity to thank the many friends who are very dear to me. It had been my intention to write each a personal letter, but owing to the busy time through the grain and cotton season, I will not have an opportunity. However, for their kindness I am profoundly grateful. I left Dallas the fourth day of May, going by way of Shreveport, Vicksburg, and Nashville. I landed at Buffalo Valley, near where I took a boat for Texas in March, 1883, this being my first opportunity to be in Tennessee since that time. I had dreamed of Buffalo Valley as being a great modern city, but was surprised when I found it to be comparatively the same little village it was when I left Tennessee 28 years ago. I spent three or four days

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visiting relatives in Buffalo Valley after which I went to Baxter, Livingston, and Cookeville. At each place I was royally entertained by people who seethed more beauty in the heart of the poppy and the symmetry of the morning glory than in great piles of brick and water: than, to whom the sparkle of an eye or the laughter of a child is more than the rustle of silk or the glitter of gold, will build no plethoric bank account for men to admire, but you will yield honey in the life cups of men and light up the world with sunnier smiles. My parents were both natives of Tennessee, and I fail to fashion language in which to pay tribute to the Tennessee girl. When God made the Tennessee girl, he sent his angel messenger throughout the star-strewn realms of space to gather for him all there was of beauty and of brightness of enchantment and of glamour; and when they had returned from their harvesting of beauty, and had thrown down their glittering burdens at his feet he began in their wondering presence the work of making a Tennessee girl. He wrought with the golden gleam of the stars, the shifting glories of the rainbow hues and the pallid silver of the southern moon. He wrought with the crimson which swooned in the rose rubied heart, with the snow-white petals of the lily, and the fires and flames which leaped from the jewels depth. Then glancing deep in his own bosom he took of the love which nestled there like some rare pearl beneath the sun-kissed waves of the summer sea, rolled all of this into the form he was making, and lo, the angels hid their faces for he had made a Tennessee girl.

I had the pleasure of attending the decoration exercises at the old Smellage cemetery. There I met a great number of relatives and friends who were school-mate with my father and mother. My grandfather Smellage was the first person buried in this cemetery, some forty-five years ago. After the decoration, I strolled out to grandfather's old homestead where I viewed with interest the ruins of the old cotton gin which was operated by grandfather sixty years ago.

I was a five year old lad when I left Tennessee, and have a faint recollection of how things were at that time, but in fancy I could remember how grandfather Maddux's old home looked. There is no shade tree whose shade is quite so inviting as is the shade of the old black locust in grandfather's yard; there is no song bird whose song is quite as sweet as is the song of the old mocking bird which sings from the top of grandfather's old kitchen; there is no bee whose sting is quite so severe as is the sting of the bee in grandfather's old apple orchard; there is no spring whose water is quite so cool and refreshing as is the water from the old Bartlett spring where my mother used to send me with a little tin pail; there is no home in which the biscuit and honey taste quite so sweet, in fact, there are no memories quite so dear to me as are the memories of grandfather's old home.

Dear friends, I find a rare pleasure in reviewing my youth in social meeting with those who in my spring-time knew me. As we grow older and the shadows of our life begin in length to the western sunset, what heart is not moved by the recollections of the past, and brightened and quickened in the good cheer of the friends and companions of his youth?

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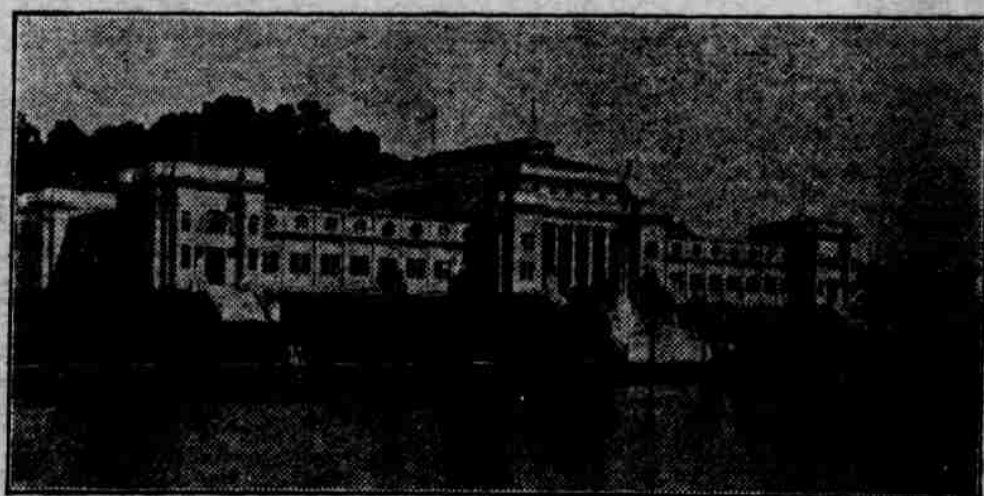


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